

The Crittenden RECORD

The Up-to-Date Western
Kentucky Newspaper



It contains all the best General news and all the Local news in Crittenden and Livingston counties. It is read in the home everywhere. If you are not a subscriber already, subscribe now.

\$1. Going at Par \$1.

CLUBBING RATES

Pick and Choice of the Best Journals
Will be Found in Our Clubbing List.

We will send THE CRITTENDEN RECORD and either of the following journals both ONE YEAR for price named:

THE CRITTENDEN RECORD with	
Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer	\$1.00
Louisville Herald	1.25
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	1.75
Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Nashville American	1.25

Or we will send THE RECORD and the Weekly Enquirer, both, and either of the following journals ONE YEAR for price named:

The Commoner	\$2.10
Leslie's Popular Magazine	2.30
Vick's Floral Magazine	1.75
Kansas City Star	1.75
Cosmopolitan Magazine	2.30
Ohio Farmer	1.90
National Stockman and Farmer	2.25
Breeder's Gazette	2.75
Scientific American	4.00
American Sheep Breeder	2.25
American Swineherd	1.75
Farm and Fireside	1.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.10
Farmer's Home Journal	2.25
Commercial Poultry	1.75
Practical Farmer	2.30
Indiana Farmer	2.00
Michigan Farmer	2.00
Courier-Journal	2.00
Men and Women Magazine	2.10
Farm, Field and Fireside	2.10



The Crittenden Record

AT NEW POST OFFICE BUILDING

Marion : : Kentucky

AN OUTRAGE.

White clover blooms, and roses red,
And green leaves wet with dew,
My teeny-weeny touch-head,
Are "violets" to you;
And you pick them right and left,
And you seem loth to stop;
It seems to give you wondrous joy
To pick "botany" for pop.

You know that other, other day,
You toddled to my door,
And called out: "Papa's baby's here,"
And stamped, and stamped the floor,
With your wee feet to make me come
And open to let you in?
I guess you have forgotten it;
I hope so! 'Twas a sin!

And I sat still and read my book
Until you quiet grew;
A story had me so absorbed
I gave no thought to you!
And, when at last I looked my door,
You lay between the rooms
All fast asleep, and in your fist
A bunch of clover-blossoms!

The tears were half dried in your cheeks;
You sighed, dear, as you wept;
And, dear, remorse quite filled my heart,
I knelt and could have wept!
And kissed you where you lay asleep
With tear-stained face and sad,
And in your sleep you gulped and sighed:
"Kin's a botany for dad!"

And if I do that way again,
Dear baby mine, by you,
When I knock on the pearly gates
May God not let me through!
I'm glad you have forgotten it,
And love your daddy yet;
If I should live a thousand years
I never will forget!

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

Old King

By
PAULINE PHELPS

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

HE LIVED up there in that little house, top the mountain, just 'tween side of the brook, without a wife nor chick nor child, an' not a neighbor settin' foot inside the door once a blue moon. Kind of lonesome existence. 'Twould be for most folks—drive me crazy in less'n a week—but King liked it; an' if he hadn't, there wouldn't none of us ever heard him say a word. He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't.

"Stayed there after his mother died, keepin' bachelor's hall; never givin' anywhere, except over to the center for his paper once a week, or maybe to town meetin'; never talkin' any, an' never lookin' at a girl—kept on that way for a spell of 15 year, an' then fell in love with Lucy Pettibone to the end on't. Her mother made the match; 'twas none of Lucy's choosin'. He'd ought to know it! He'd ought to know there wa'n't anything in an old crank like him to take a young girl's fancy, an' one that was writin' steady to another beau besides. But he didn't. I s'pose. He spruced up an' tried to be social; an' when the engagement was on, he bought a new broadcloth suit, an' come to church with her a-wearin' it. Lord, I can shut my eyes an' see 'em now, a marchin' up the aisle—he proud an' high-headed, an' she lookin' as if she wanted to drop through the floor. 'She's ashamed of him, an' she shows it,' folks said, 'but he can't see it. Think she's in love with him, like as not. There's no fool like an old fool,' says they.

"That was Sunday. An' the next mornin' Lucy run off an' met Phil Slocum an' married him, just a week before the time set for the other wedding."

"They hated to tell King when he drove up to the house that day, but they needn't have. You'd thought 'twas a stray critter for all the concern he showed. Set there like a graven image with his hands on his reins and his lips close together, an' heard the whole thing from beginnin' to end. An' when they got through—

"Is that all?" says he, kind of quiet.

"That's all," says Pettibone.

"Then git up, Prince," says he. "I guess I'll go home an' do the chores."

"An' that's just what he did an' kept a doin' 'em for 25 years; an' if her actin' so made a difference, there couldn't none of us see it. He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't."

"Phil an' Lucy come back after a year or two, an' settled at Phil's father's Marthy—that was the one my Sam married—was born there, an' Lucy died in the upstairs west room; caught cold hangin' out clothes one day in January, an' died the next March. There come up a sort of blizzard the day of her funeral, with wind blowin' an' snow plizin' up in drifts; wa'n't but ten folks went to the grave, an' old King was one of 'em. Come a wearin' them broadcloth clothes he'd bought for his wedding, an' stood there in them an' see her buried; an' you couldn't tell no more from his face how he felt about it than as if he'd been carved out of wood. Some said 'twas because he hadn't forgiven her, an' some said 'twas because he had; but what they said didn't make no difference to him.

"Meet him sometimes in the winter-snow blowin' an' wind whistlin', an' he a footin' it over to get his paper—always went just such a day, whether 'twas warm or cold. 'Pretty bad weather, King. Don't you want to ride?' 'I can git along all right,' says he. Pass by there in the mornin', when rheumatism had hold of him, an' he'd be just crawlin' out to milk the cows. 'Must be hard for you to travel on them feet of your'n. Don't you want some help?' If he did, he wouldn't own it. Never spoke a pleasant word; couldn't make him! Just shut his teeth an' answer, surly as he always did: 'I'm gittin' along all right,' says he—an' that's all.

"But when Sam got ready to marry Marthy, Phil Slocum sent him an invite to the wedding, an' he come. Come in that same broadcloth suit he'd wore to her mother's funeral—pretty well moth-eaten, 'twas—an' with his hair combed an' slick. Didn't say a word. It made some of the women nervous, because he set there like a tombstone, an' never

moved nor smiled. But when a man don't go anywhere but twice a lifetime, 'tain't to be expected he'll act like other folks.

"An' he didn't see 'em married, after all. I told Sam them bridemaids would do somethin' out of the way, an' they did—turned over a lamp, an' set the house on fire! Cold down to zero, too, an' all the young folks scurryin' around outdoors in white dresses. Lord, such a time! Hurryin' an' shoutin' an' confusion—ev'rybody yellin' somethin' different—an' Marthy pretty near in hysterics because she'd left some things she'd been plannin' to wear on the winter sill upstairs; a ring an' a ribbon, an' a locket with her mother's picture. You know the sayin', 'Somethin' old an' somethin' new, somethin' borrowed an' somethin' blue,' an' girls are sort of superstitious.

"An' one kind of craziness breeds more, I guess, for before we'd got her quiet there was another stir—old King a tryin' to rush into the house, an' two or three holdin' him back. 'Let me go in there,' says he, strugglin' an' strainin'. 'You're crazy,' says Will Black. 'You won't never come out alive.'

"Oh, I'll come out fast enough!" says old King, ugly as ever. He was all crippled with rheumatism, but he gave Black a fister that sent him reelin'. 'What in sin—' says Masson, an' stopped! Swearin' don't seem the right thing to a funeral. An' we all held our breath an' stood there, a starin' up.

"'Twasn't over two minutes, couldn't have been; an' then Sam give a yell: 'Back old King against a thousand for doin' what he sets out to!' We all yelled then; for a gust of wind had blew the smoke, an' from where 'twas clearin', we see old King a comin' down, steppin' slow an' firm, with his hands shut tight; an' sort o' smilin'—put me in mind of that day he walked with Lucy into church—come walkin' down the stairs.



FOUND HIM JUST OVER THE HILL LYING DEAD IN THE SNOW

the fire each side but not touchin' him, an' through the hall, an' out into the street.

"An' when Sam run after him—'Look here,' cries Sam, 'you can't go now! They're comin' over to my house to finish the wedding, an' you've got to see it out—' he never stopped nor turned his head. 'I've had enough,' says he, a hur-ryin' away. 'I've had enough, I tell you, an' I'm a goin' home.'

"The young folks got to laughin' about it over to our house that night. Some said the fire itself made way for him on account of his temper; an' some said he run in there to cure the rheumatism, an' some said 'twas for the sake of 'thawin' out. There was considerable fun. I've read somewhere that every laugh is set down to your credit, an' if so I don't know but what old King more'n made up for all his sins that night, without knowin' it.

"An' the next mornin' when Jim Masson went by to Hartford he found him just over the hill, lyin' dead in the snow—an' that locket with Lucy's picture in his hand! He'd breathed the fire, the doctor said; an' if that was true, the most like 'twas, he must have known he was dyin' when he come down them stairs, an' hurried away so's to die by himself.

"He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't."

LOCUST PLAGUE IN EGYPT.

Invasion of Insects a Very Serious One—Destroy Everything in Their Path.

There is every probability of the plague of locusts which has now descended on Egypt proving a very serious one, writes the Cairo correspondent of the London Daily Mail. Great anxiety is felt for the young cotton and other crops.

The locusts first arrive in comparatively small numbers, but they multiply very rapidly as soon as they reach the edge of cultivation. Within ten days the young insects, though still wingless, advance in a solid phalanx sometimes two or three feet deep and several miles in length.

It is essential that at this stage they should be destroyed, as it would be impossible to check the ravages of flying locusts.

The method adopted during the last visitation, that of 1890, was to dig deep trenches, sometimes miles in length, between which and the advancing swarm huge heaps of straw were laid and fired. Any locusts which succeeded in escaping the flames and smoke fell into the trenches, where they were destroyed by natives under the supervision of English instructors.

It is a providential habit of young locusts never to turn back or aside when once started, no matter what obstacles are put in their way.

THE SUNDAY BIBLE SCHOOL

Lesson in the International Series
for August 14, 1904—"Obadiah and Elijah."

(Prepared by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.)

(Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Edson.)

LESSON TEXT.

1 Kings 18:1-16; Memory Verses, 12-16.)

1. And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth.

2. And Elijah went to shew himself unto Ahab. And there was a sore famine in Samaria.

3. And Ahab called Obadiah, which was the governor of his house. (Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.)

4. For it was so, when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord, that Obadiah took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.)

5. And Ahab said unto Obadiah, Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks; peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and the mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts.

6. So they divided the land between them by lot; and Obadiah went another way by himself, and Obadiah went another way by himself.

7. And as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah met him; and he knew him, and fell on his face, and said, Art thou that my lord Elijah?

8. And he answered him, I am; go tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here.

9. And he said, What have I sinned, that thou wouldst deliver thy servant into the hands of Ahab, to slay me?

10. As the Lord thy God liveth, there is no nation or kingdom, whither my lord hath not sent to seek thee; and when they said, He is not there; he took an oath of the kingdom and nation, that they found thee not.

11. And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here; and he shall slay me.

12. And it shall come to pass, as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not; and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me; but I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.

13. Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid an hundred men of the Lord, how I hid in a cave, and fed them with bread and water?

14. And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here; and he shall slay me.

15. And Elijah said, As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him to-day.

16. So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him; and Ahab went to meet Elijah. THE LESSON includes the three verses following the lesson text, which give us the account of the prophet's interview with Ahab. There is no parallel in Chronicles.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth"—1 Kings 18:12.

TIME—About three and one-half years after the first appearance of Elijah to Ahab.

PLACE—Probably not far from Mount Carmel, in the country northwest of Jerusalem.

Comparing Scripture with Scripture. The Prophet's Return: Note that:

(1) It was timed by God; "after many days"—God always acts in "the fullness of time." Gal. 4:4; Eph. 1:10, etc. It was not for Elijah to know until God spoke. Remember Jesus' rebuke, Acts 1:7.

(2) It was ordered by God. When God said "Go" it was safe for Elijah to return. The place of peace and safety is with God.—Ps. 31:15.

(3) It meant blessing. God in the person of His servant Elijah was to return to the land. God's withdrawal meant drought. God's return was to bring rain. God sends blessings when conditions permit. Ps. 85:5, 15. "I will send rain upon the earth." We talk flippantly of the weather the weather-forecaster gives us, and forget that nature is under God's control, and that He sends the sunshine and the rain.—Jer. 14:22; Ps. 147:8.

(4) Elijah found conditions changed. Ahab had been searching for the prophet with murder in his heart (v. 10); now he is seeking pastures with anxious dread (vs. 5, 6). The famine had reached to the king's gate (v. 2). How the prophet's words when predicting the drought must have burned into his soul. How the consciousness of God must have been forced upon him. The long and terrible drought had subdued the wilful spirit of king and people. It had gained for God a hearing.—Hosea 5:15; Ps. 78:24; 107:28.

Meeting with Obadiah.—Obadiah was a Godly man (v. 3) in a Godless household, a man who served God in secret. How the wicked turn to the righteous in time of trouble. Obadiah went out seeking a spring of water, and he found the one whose prayer would bring abundance of rain. (John 7:37-38.) Obadiah's faithfulness won for him the honor of the first meeting with Elijah. But he was terrified at Elijah's command. Like many Christians to-day, the fear of man was upon him, and he forgot that the God who sent him would care for him.

Meeting with Ahab.—Elijah sent for the king. The prophet went to meet the God-bearing Obadiah, but he summons the wicked Ahab to come to him. Here is a suggestion of the dignity and majesty and power of God which will come day be manifested as he summons before Him those who now wickedly and rebelliously despise Him. Matt. 25:32; Rom. 14:10-12. Note the two views of the situation. Ahab in hardness of heart and blind unbelief charges the prophet with troubling Israel. Ezek. 12:2; Isa. 6:9; Matt. 13:14. And even Jesus' disciples are sometimes troubled with hindrances. Mark 6:52. But the prophet puts the blame where it belongs. Ah, how often the deceitful and wicked heart (Jer. 17:9) charges God with trouble and misfortune, when the fault lies at the door of one's sinful self.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

"I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." (1) A tribute to Godly parents. "Ye fathers (parents) bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." What a responsibility is that of parenthood. (2) An argument for early conversion. Youth is the soul's spring time for the sowing of seeds of righteousness. "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto Me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." (3) A testimony to effect of early piety. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH.

PASTOR, Rev. T. V. Joiner.
PREACHING, every Sunday at 11 a. m.
SUNDAY SCHOOL, every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

PASTOR, Rev. T. A. Conway.
PREACHING, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m., and at night.
SERMON AND BUSINESS MEETING 2nd Saturday night.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
PRAYER MEETING every Thursday night.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.

PASTOR, Rev. J. E. Price.
PREACHING, 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month.
SUNDAY SCHOOL opens at 9:30 a. m. every Sunday.
TEACHERS' MEETING is held at church every Tuesday at 8 p. m.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.

PASTOR, Rev. S. J. Martin.
PREACHING, 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays and nights.
SUNDAY SCHOOL, every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
PRAYER MEETING every Wednesday night.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

PASTOR, Elder H. A. McDonald, Calix, Ky.
PREACHING, 2nd and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a. m., and at night.
SUNDAY SCHOOL, every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Outside Appointments of Our Local Preachers.

Rev. S. J. Martin, 2nd Sunday and night, Tolu; 5th Sunday, Mounds.
Rev. T. A. Conway, 3rd Sunday, Rock Springs; 4th Sunday, Mt. Carmel; 2nd Sunday, Bell's Mines; 3rd Sunday, Sugar Grove; 4th Sunday, Crayneville.
Rev. T. C. Carter, 1st Sunday, Pond Park; 2nd Sunday, Kuttawa; 3rd Sunday, Pinksville; 4th Sunday, Salem.
Rev. E. B. Blackburn, 1st Sunday, Dolans; 2nd Sunday, Walnut Grove; 4th, Crooked Creek.
Rev. Jas. F. Price, 2nd Sunday, Lissan; 4th Sunday, Sullivan.
Rev. U. G. Hughes, 1st Sunday, Ennass Church; 2nd Sunday, Sugar Creek; 3rd, Baker Church; 4th, Old Salem.
Rev. J. S. Henry, 1st Sunday, Union; 2nd, Dun Springs; 4th, Shady Grove. Services held both Saturday and Sunday.

Lodge Directory.

BIGHAM LODGE NO. 226 F. & A. M.
Regular meeting in Masonic Hall Saturday before full moon in each month.
Visiting members are invited to attend.

C. S. Nott, W. M.
J. R. Kevill, Sec'y.

CRITTENDEN CHAPTER NO. 25.

Meets Saturday night after full moon in each month.

P. C. Stephens, H. P.
J. R. Kevill, Sec'y.

WINGATE COUNCIL NO. 35.

Meets 2nd Monday night in each month.

J. G. Gilbert, T. L. M.
J. R. Kevill, Sec'y.

BLACKWELL LODGE NO. 57, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Friday night from October to April inclusive, and 2nd and 4th Friday nights from May to September inclusive. All visiting members of sister lodges are invited to attend.

Wm. A. Ringo, Cancellor Commander.
Sandy Adams, K. R. and S.

MARION LODGE NO. 60, A. O. U. W.

Meets 1st and 3rd Monday nights in Masonic Hall.

A. M. Hearn, W. M.
B. L. Wilborn, Recorder.

ROSEWOOD CAMP NO. 22, W. O. W.

Lodge meets in Masonic Hall the 2nd and 4th Tuesday nights in each month. All visiting members are invited to attend.

W. H. Clark, Com. Com.
S. H. Ramage, Sec'y.

City Government.

J. W. Blum, Jr., MAYOR.

J. R. Kevill, JUDGE.

J. C. Beardsley, CLERK.

H. K. Woods, TREASURER.

Jos. A. Moore, ATTORNEY.

A. S. Canner, CHIEF OF POLICE.

COUNCILMEN—R. F. Haynes, G. C. Gray, W. H. Copler, Louis Clifton, T. J. Yandell, and H. Levi Cook.

Regular meeting of City Council second Tuesday night in each month.

CITY COURT first Monday in each month.

Court Calendar.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the third Monday in March, the fourth in June and the third in November.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the second Monday in each month.

QUARTERLY COURT convenes on the fourth Monday in each month.

FISCAL COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April and October.

Court Officials and

County Officers.

CIRCUIT JUDGE—J. F. Gordon.

COMMONWEALTH ATTORNEY—Jno. L. Gray.

COUNTY JUDGE—Aaron Towery.

SHERIFF—J. Watts Lamb.

CORRECTOR—Carl Heider.

COUNTY CLERK—C. E. Webber.

ASSASSIN—G. T. Belt.

JAILER—A. H. Travis.

SCHOOL SUPERVISOR—Jno. B. Paris.

CORRECTOR—W. A. Halcomb.

MAGISTRATES.

J. R. Postlethwait, precinct No. 1.

G. F. Williams, " 2.

T. P. Harl, " 3.

T. M. LaRue, " 4.

P. C. Moore, " 5.

Geo. D. Hughes, " 6.

L. B. Phillips, " 7.

T. M. Bond, " 8.

I. C. Time Table.

NORTH BOUND	No. 302	No. 301
Leave Princeton	6:10 a. m.	2:40 p. m.
Arrive Marion	7:00	3:30
" Sturgis	7:44	4:20
" Morgantown	8:30	5:06
" Henderson	9:20	5:56
" Kuttawa	9:55	6:35
SOUTH BOUND	No. 301	No. 302
Leave Kuttawa	8:20 a. m.	4:40 p. m.
Arrive Henderson	9:02	5:22
" Morgantown	9:40	6:08
" Sturgis	10:25	6:53
" Marion	11:00	7:38
" Princeton	12:15 p. m.	8:40
" Henderson	1:15	9:25
" Nashville	7:00	